

ANACORTES



HISTORICAL POETRY COLORING BOOK

*Anacortes, Pearl of the
Western Sea* By Ed. L. Carson

Originally published on
March 19, 1914

Designed by Bret Lunsford
Anacortes Museum

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Poem by Ed L. Carson

Illustrations by G.M. Bristol

Redesigned as a history & poetry coloring book by Bret Lunsford, June 23, 2016

Anacortes Museum, 2016





The setting sun sinks in the Western wave
And turns to gold the ocean's azure breast,
Wierd shadows now the darkened pathways pave
And all the world responds to calls to rest;
Yet though the sun has been the earth around
And much has seen before he came to thee
No fairer sight nor city has he found
Than Anacortes, Pearl of the Western Sea.







Here in her island beauty as she stands
Both East and West bestow their best on her;
The languorous breezes of the Orient
Here mingle with the fragrance of the fir;
While trees of varied sizes, shapes and hues
Each aiding the surrounding hills to dress,
Their odors on her balmy air diffuse
And form a background for her loveliness.







Stand on Cap Sante when the mellow moon
Has bathed the landscape all in silver light
And feel that kindly Nature grants a boon
In giving you this vision of delight;
Or turning to the Eastward note the scene
Which calls the tourist here from many lands,
And view Mount Baker, stately and serene,
As in his snowclad, silent strength he stands.







The rising sun new beauties still reveal
Of hills and valleys clad in fadeless green,
And with its coming on the senses steal
Fresh beauties of her shining shores between;
The subtle alchemist, with magic charm,
Changes to gold Cap Sante's granite gray,
Where her eternal and encircling arm
Protects the lumber fleet within the bay.







Westward a chain of green protecting isles
Repels the tempest from her favored shores;
Eastward each towering white-robed mountain smiles
Behind whose heights the barred-out blizzard roars;
Northward stout Guemes forms a barrier bold
Repelling there the storm king's dreary din,
While Southward lo, bright valley there unfold
And let the soft, salubrious breezes in.







Amid such scenes as these 'tis sweet to dwell
And feel that nevermore one needs to roam,
To know that, here abiding, all is well
And link with her's the sacred name of home;
And here it is that all who come, remain,
Nor ever seek again from her to be,
For far-off fields will call from thee in vain,
Fair Anacortes, Pearl of the Western Sea.

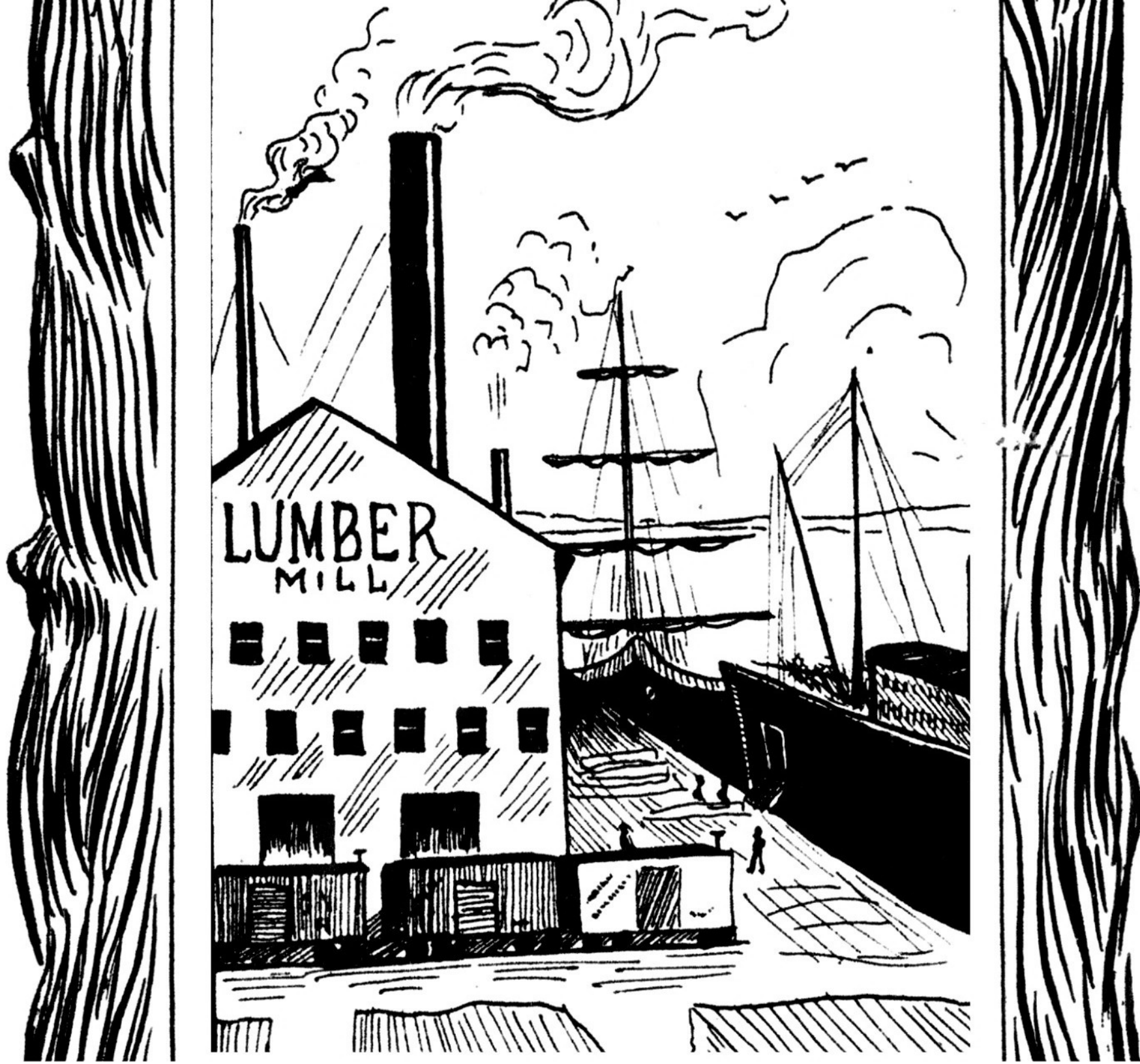






Here there is work for everyone who will
Here Industry bids Poverty begone,
The happy humming of each busy mill
Commences with the coming of the dawn;
In serried phalanx on her Eastern bound
The sombre stacks their tall, gaunt outlines raise,
Whose smoky plumes convey for miles around
The tidings glad of wealth in many ways.







Her's is the golden wealth of fertile fields
And all the benefits the farms afford,
The sea's own self her silvery tribute yields
To furnish food for many a barren board;
And they who labor thus producing food
May deem themselves of service to their kind;
Who, looking forward when results are good,
Think not upon the toils which lay behind.







Over the waves from lands beyond the seas
On snowy pinions borne, there come at times
The stately ships before the favoring breeze,
To bear her products to less favored climes;
And here the forest monarch in his prime,
Whose birth dates back to some forgotten day,
Under the sharp saw's sternly chanted chime
Falls but to rise in homes far, far away.

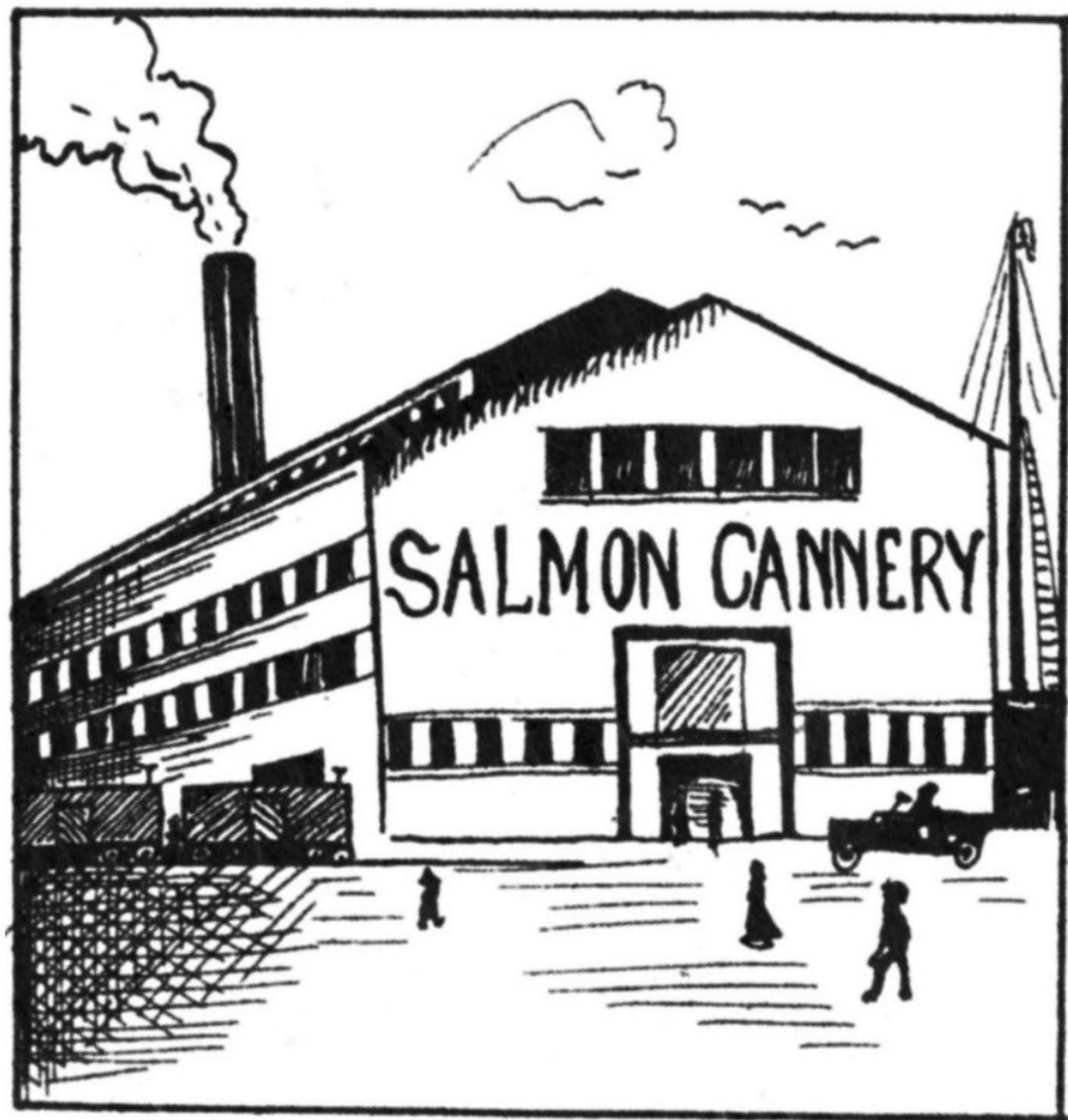






But not commercial wealth is hers, alone,
For note her sons and daughters passing by
And mark the springy step, the ringing tone,
The joy of life which sparkles in each eye;
She has their faith, their loyalty, their love,
And this of all her treasures is the best
Which rises every other thing above—
The pride in her which glows in every breast..







Her past is steps of progress, one by one,
Of steadily advancing year by year;
Her future is a joy to look upon,
So promising, so brilliant and so clear;
With transportation projects made complete,
When waterways now planned shall finished be,
What other city with thee can compete?
Fair Anacoites, Pearl of the Western Sea.
Fair city, in the golden days to come,



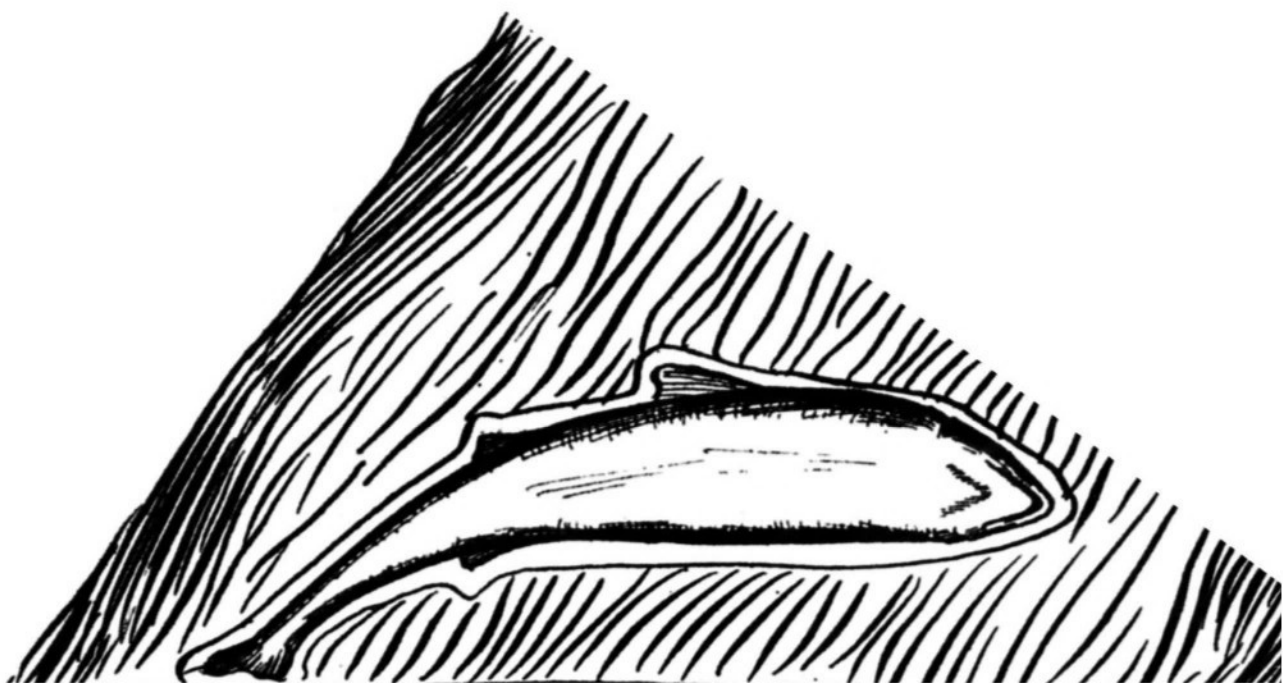




There is no power which can your future mar;
Of all your many blessings note the sum
For Nature's self upholds you where you are;
A generation past has sung your fame
As will the generations Yet to Be,
And unborn thousands still will praise your name,
Fair Anacortes, Pearl of the Western Sea.









Anacortes, Pearl of the Western Sea

By Ed. L. Carson

In the preparation of this edition the American presents to its readers the work of two very clever local artists. The cover design of this issue was drawn by G. M. Bristol, a young man of this city, whose illustrations have been placed in a number of the magazines and publications of the East. The excellent verse on the front page of this issue came from the facile pen of Ed L. Carson, a writer of verses that have won him international recognition. For a number of years Mr. Carson was a member of the mounted police of Canada, and his songs of the Saskatchewan have a great popularity throughout the Canadian northwest.


The American is indebted to these two clever artists for their assistance in making the annual edition of the Anacortes American a success.

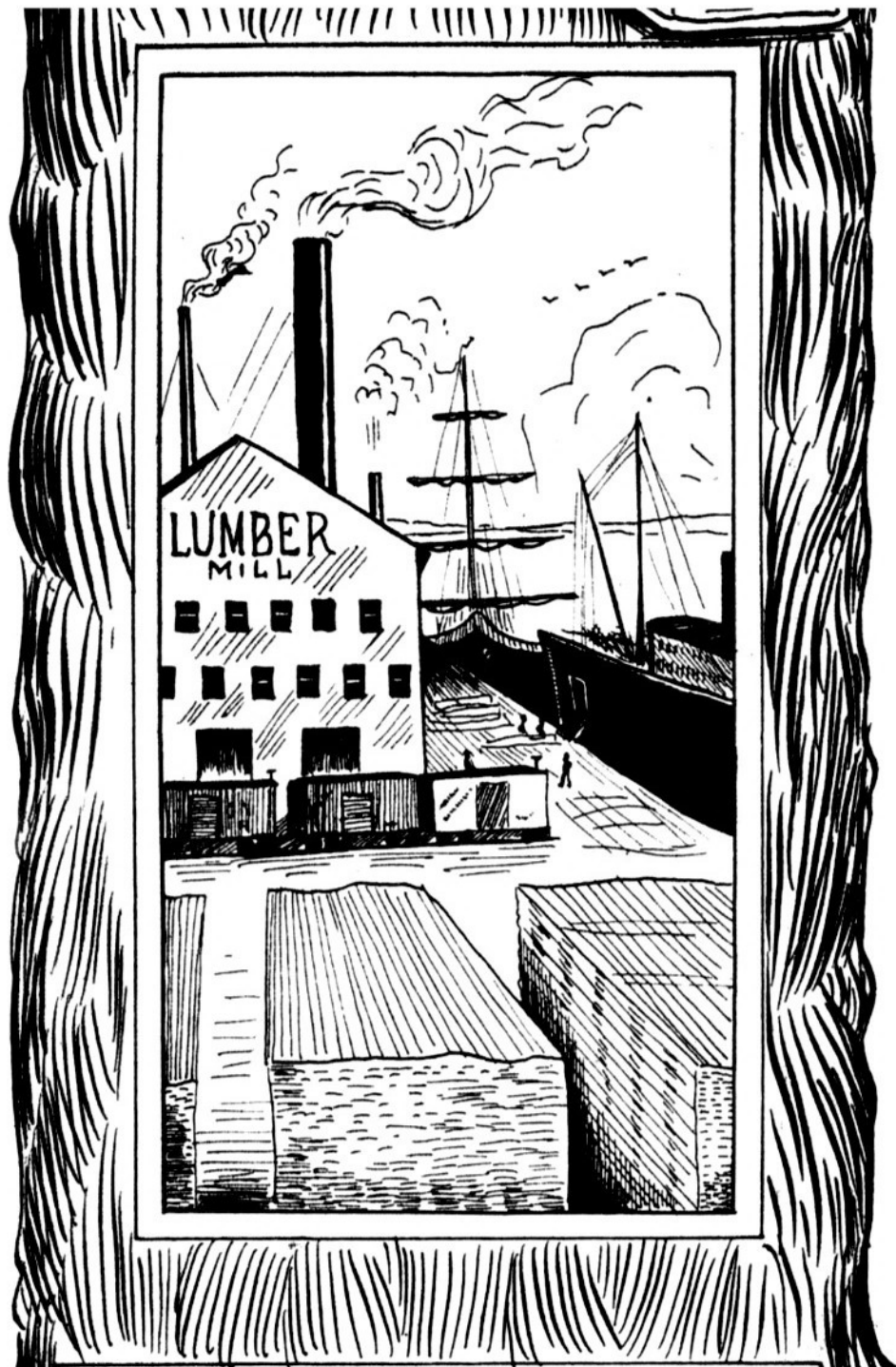
ANACORTES AMERICAN

Annual Industrial Edition

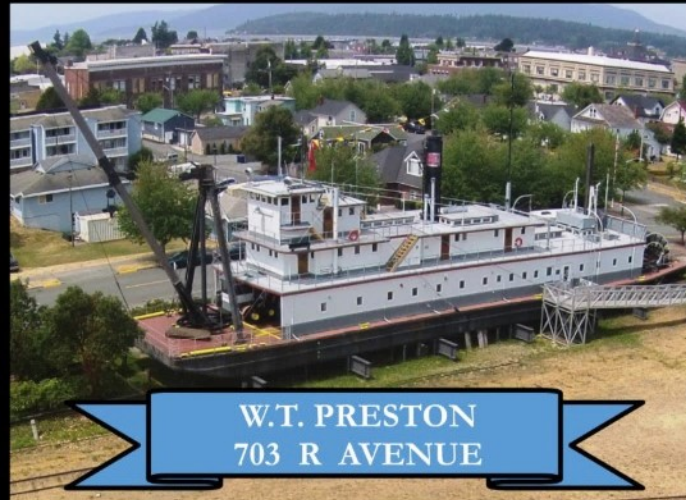
ANACORTES AMERICAN, THURSDAY, MARCH 19, 1914.

Official Paper of Skagit County





A town with foresight



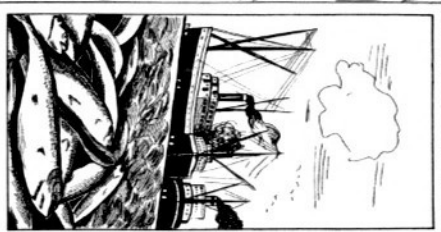
A museum with four sites

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Anacortes, Pearl of the Western Sea

By Ed. L. Carson

The setting sun sits in the Western sea,
Weird shadows o'er the destined pathway pave,
And all the world, responsive to calls to rest,
Yields to the power of the West's great West.
And much has seen before he came to this
No finer sight, nor city has he found
Than Anacortes, Pearl of the Western Sea.

Here, in her harbor, safely as she stands
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